

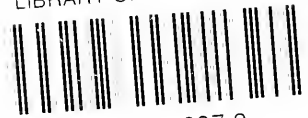
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MEMORIAL

HON. STANLEY E. BOWEN

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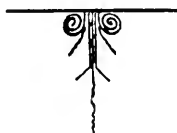
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Hon. Stanley E. Bowdle

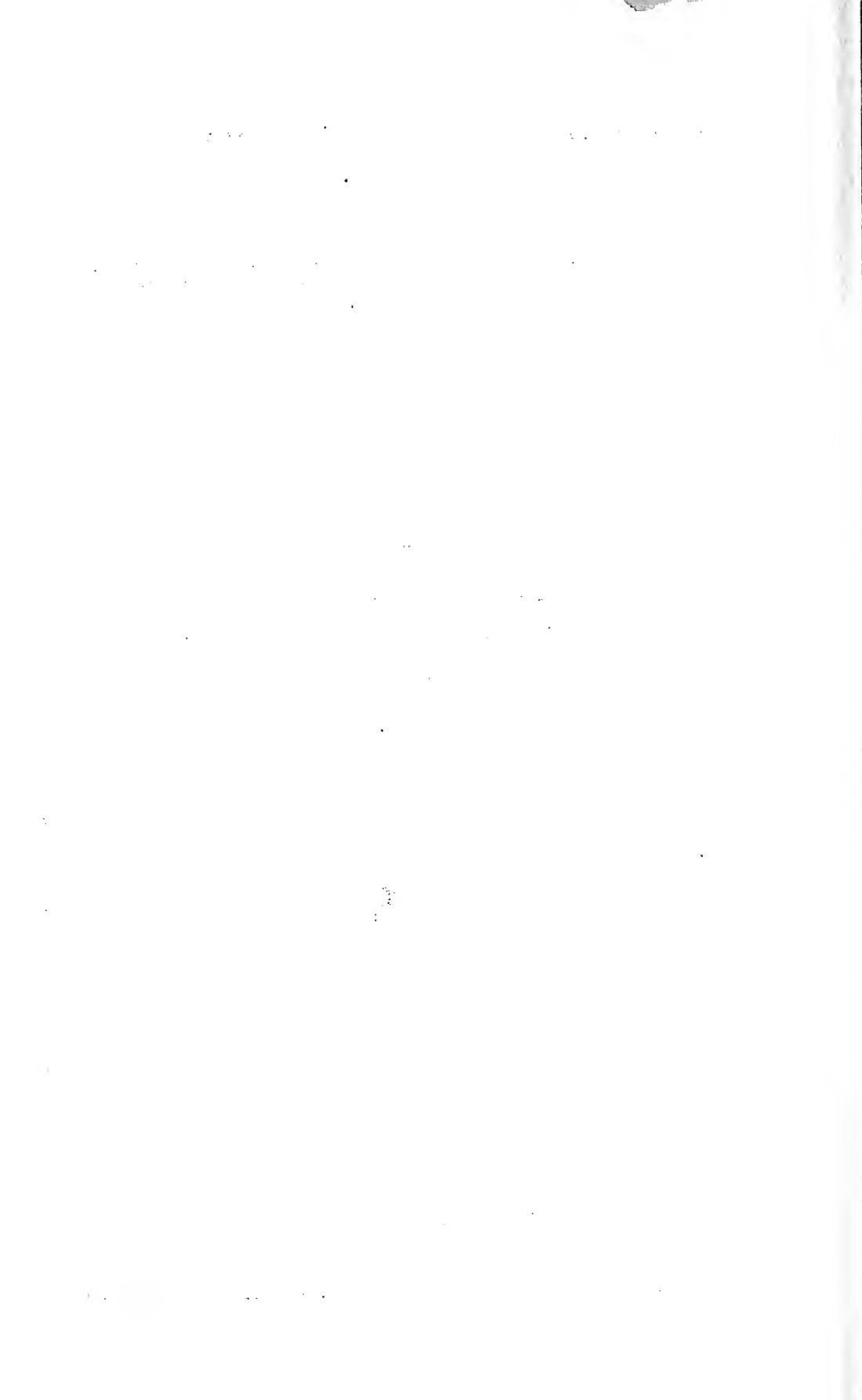
Memorial

Held at United States Circuit Court
of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 26, 1919.



Published by
The Cincinnati Bar Association.







Stanley D. Simonds

Hon. Stanley E. Bowdle

Born September 4, 1868

Died April 6, 1919

MEMORIAL



Published by
THE CINCINNATI BAR ASSOCIATION
November, 1919

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IN Loving Memory of one who devoted
his life to the unselfish pursuit of the
highest precepts of his profession, the service
of his country and the uplift of his fellowmen.

Memorial

On Sunday evening, April 6, 1919, the Honorable Stanley E. Bowdle, while on his way to the home of a friend, in alighting from a street car, was struck by an automobile. He sustained a fracture at the base of the brain, from which he died a few hours later, at the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Bowdle was a prominent member of the Bar, a leading citizen in the community and a Representative of the First District of Ohio in the Sixty-third Congress. He had taken for many years an active part in all public questions, was a delegate to the Ohio Constitutional Convention of 1912, and did much to influence the adoption of the most important Amendments to the Constitution. He was a progressive thinker, a powerful debater, and held a high and distinct place in the community.

It was natural that the shocking and untimely death of one who did so much to honor and serve others, should cause great sorrow to his many friends and colleagues, and find expression in an appropriate tribute to his memory.

Shortly after his death, Hon. Simeon M. Johnson, President of The Cincinnati Bar Association, appointed the following committee—Edward Moulinier, Alfred G. Allen, Charles B. Wilby, David J. Workum and Arthur Espy, to take appropriate action upon the death of Mr. Bowdle.

The Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton County, Ohio, appointed the following persons to act as a Committee in conjunction therewith:—Judson

Harmon, John Galvin, Nathaniel Wright, Edward C. Hauer, Sidney G. Stricker and Province Pogue.

Memorial Services were held on Monday forenoon, May 26, 1919, in the Court Room of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Government Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. Hon. Judson Harmon presided as Chairman. On the Bench seated with him were Hon. John W. Warrington, presiding Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit; Hon. Howard C. Hollister, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of Ohio, Western Division; Hon. Walter M. Shohl, presiding Judge of the Court of Appeals of Hamilton County, Ohio; Hon. Stanley W. Merrell, presiding Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, and Hon. Frederick L. Hoffman, Presiding Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Hamilton County, Ohio.

A large and representative gathering, composed of the leading members of the bench, bar and citizens of the community was present. Mr. Edward Moulinier prepared and read on behalf of the Committee, a Memorial containing a biographical sketch of the life and character of Mr. Bowdle, which was followed by brief addresses from members of the committee.

Upon motion duly made, it was unanimously resolved that copies of same be sent to the wife and members of the family of Mr. Bowdle. In carrying this resolution into effect, The Cincinnati Bar Association, as a token of love and respect to the memory of Mr. Bowdle, directed this Memorial to be printed.

Hon. Judson Harmon.

Losing a friend and comrade is always hard to bear, but grief has a keener edge when that comrade is taken from us in the prime and full fruitage of his life and powers.

In Stanley Bowdle's case there is an added pang, because his death was due to the failure with which we are all partly chargeable, to deal promptly and effectively with the new and fast growing peril that sweeps by night and by day along our streets and highways.

I had no close acquaintance with Stanley Bowdle. I heard some of his addresses and read others, and was once referred to him for information about Mexican law, when I was amazed by his accurate knowledge of the law and language of that country; a knowledge which he had no special reason to acquire. But his was a mind which thirsted for knowledge and would not stop short of understanding. The casual vision and scrappy information of the passing tourist were not for him. Everywhere and always he was a close student of men and things; and he generously shared with us all the treasures of his memory and the product of his thought.

Mr. E. P. Moulinier.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I have been asked by the Chairman of the Committee appointed by the Bar Association and by the Hamilton County Judges to read the written Memorial prepared by them, as follows:

On April 6, 1919, Stanley E. Bowdle was struck by an automobile shortly after alighting from a street car near

the Good Samaritan Hospital. He died a few hours later without fully regaining consciousness. Thus tragically came to an end a unique and remarkable career.

He was in his fifty-first year, having been born on September 4, 1868, in Clifton, Hamilton County, Ohio. He attended the Clifton public school and Hughes High School up to the age of fifteen, when he entered Cramp's shipyards at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, as an apprentice and served there three years. His natural bent, however, was toward the law, and he returned to his home to become a student at the Cincinnati Law School in 1887, and graduated in 1889. He began the practice of his profession in that year, having offices in the Bodman Building with Nathaniel Wright and Gustavus A. Meyer.

Some years later he and Nathaniel Wright removed to the Blymyer Building and had offices with W. K. Hillebrand and Edward P. Moulinier. This association continued until 1897, when he was compelled to leave Cincinnati for Colorado, in the attempt to recover from a serious attack of tuberculosis. He fought this dread enemy for four years, spending the summers in the mountains of Colorado, and the winters in various cities of Mexico. It was while in Mexico that he learned to speak and write Spanish with fluency. Owing to his intelligent study of tuberculosis and the application of the newest and best methods of personal care, he regained his health.

On November 29, 1900, while still in the West, he married Lillian Crane Scott of New York, and she and their only child Virginia survive him. With his health restored he returned to Cincinnati and the practice of the law.

He became associated with Kramer & Kramer in the Union Trust Building, which lasted for a number of years,

until he and David J. Workum formed a partnership with offices in the First National Bank Building.

He took an active interest in politics, and in 1912 became the Democratic candidate for Congress in the First District, defeating Nicholas Longworth, the Republican nominee. He served two years with Alfred G. Allen, his Democratic associate from the Second District. In 1914 the same candidates opposed each other, but this time Bowdle was defeated.

In 1911 he was elected as a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention and left his impress upon the work of that body and extended his reputation as a man of original thought and an orator armed with wit, humor and learning.

In 1916 he became a candidate for Congress in the Second District, but was defeated by Victor Heintz.

At the time of his death he was busy with his profession and increasingly occupied with important and lucrative litigation and office business.

In the last few years he was associated, in the Second National Bank Building, with Joseph B. Schroeder, Edward C. Hauer and Lorenz Lemper.

The above gives a mere outline of Mr. Bowdle's life but conveys no idea of his mind, heart and soul, or of the qualities which gave him distinction and drew the affection and esteem of his friends.

Of a tall, almost gaunt appearance, he commanded attention immediately by his manner of speaking. Even in familiar converse he was impressive. His enunciation was clear and distinct, his sentences well formed, his ideas lucid and connected, and always there was a graphic grace about his gestures and bodily movements—not in the least conventional—that heightened the telling effect of his words and thought.

He had a logical mind. Laying down his premises and data, he proceeded by easy and imperceptible stages to convince his hearers of the soundness of his conclusions. He loved an argument and would fairly meet an opponent point by point, whether in the field of law, politics or religion,

He had read deeply certain phases of history. French history from the Revolution to modern times attracted him. He was familiar with the speeches of Robespierre, Mirabeau and the other great orators of those times. No one who heard his paper on Thiers, the French statesman, delivered before the Bar Association, can forget his vivid character painting, his familiarity with the opening years of the nineteenth century, his knowledge of the tangled political currents following the Napoleonic era and the trend of events up to and during the Commune.

The Bar Association heard also his papers on Emilio Castelar, the Spanish statesman, and Juarez, the first president of the Mexican Republic.

These three papers contain a most entertaining and accurate synopsis of the history of the three countries, France, Spain and Mexico, for the greater part of the nineteenth century. They were enlivened throughout by dramatic force, keen insight into political conditions, sparklig wit, a characteristic pungent humor, and the delightful surprise of apt epigram.

He was intensely alive to the great achievements of the United States in the times preceding the war. As a member of Congress he took occasion to become familiar with the burning question of the merchant marine. His lecture on this subject was given before many audiences. It was a labor of love. From his boyhood days in Cramp's shipyard, he began the study of the intricate

problems of seapower in peace and war. He knew ships from keel to crow's-nest, and he carried in his mind the statistics of world shipping, the names of the various companies, the numbers of vessels controlled by each, the laws governing the conditions of operation—all to a degree of detail that was most amazing. He advocated the acquisition by the United States of a strong merchant marine, keenly realizing its immense influence on national safety and prosperity.

He had visited Panama and his illustrated lecture on the canal, given frequently, never failed to hold the tense interest of his audiences.

In his travels in the West his imagination was stirred by the achievements of the Government in its series of land reclamation projects. Here again he took delight in delivering talks with stereoptican views of these colossal undertakings which have proven so valuable to the rich arid lands of our Western Empire.

There was never a dull moment in any of these addresses; they were truly informative; and at times he called upon his reading of the world's great philosophers for quotations showing the analogy between the grandeur of the material universe and the sublimity of human speculative thought. Throughout there were flashes of humor to relieve the didactic or descriptive and the hearer arose refreshed in mind and spirit to carry away a more exalted opinion of his country's greatness and of the dignity of the moral world.

In politics he was a Democrat of the old school. He felt sympathy with the cause of the common people. He loved simplicity of life and cared nothing for pomp or show. He took many a case for those who could promise little or nothing in the way of fees.

As a lawyer he was distinguished for his ability to separate a law question into its most simple forms. He loved to argue from principle and then proceed to fortify his position with the most pertinent cases. The illustrations he used in argument were mostly taken from homely things. And yet at times he would marshal opposite incidents and illustrations from history, literature or mechanics.

He showed great skill in his speeches to juries. Dangerous points were minimized or dismissed with a sarcasm that was not too caustic. He dwelt on the strength of his case in strong simple language and in more than one aspect, so that the jury could not fail to see his position in its most favorable light.

No account of Mr. Bowdle's life would be complete without some reference to his religious trend of thought. That he was profoundly reverent of a supreme power as ruler of the universe, no one who knew him even superficially could doubt. His nature was one of engaging frankness and he loved to talk of the things that gave him the greatest interest. First among these was his knowledge of the Bible. As a very young man he formed the habit of studying the Scriptures. Although he read widely among the agnostic and atheistic philosophers, such as Spencer and Voltaire, he seemed never to have a doubt of the Christian revelation. He saw in the New Testament the fulfillment of the promises voiced by the great Hebrew prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel. His form of worship went through some changes in his life, but in latter years he had become a member of the Episcopal Church.

Over and above Mr. Bowdle's attainments in several fields of activity—political, legal and literary—were the

personality and character of the man himself. There was a never-failing boyishness—the incarnate spirit of youth, notwithstanding the fundamental seriousness of his nature. He was always eager and fresh for an intellectual combat. When he had time he prepared carefully his arguments, but he was ever ready to engage unexpectedly in debate and drew unfailingly upon the ample store of knowledge always at his command. He seemed somehow never to arouse rancor in his opponents. They knew that he was genuine and that his quarrel was always with ideas, not with the individual.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of his mental equipment, shown in both his familiar and public utterances, was his unfailing sense of humor. It was not humor for humor's sake, but used to make clearer the sharp point of an argument. Joined with the humor there was also the wit that lighted up his thought by juxtaposition with an unexpected contrast.

It may be said of him that he was self-educated in the best sense. He was always willing to learn, and in consequence his views on serious subjects were constantly being broadened and ripened. His reading was extensive and embraced religious, philosophical, historical and literary masterpieces.

He had the gift of making close and loyal friends. His conversation was stimulating, his understanding of views other than his own quick and sympathetic.

His influence on others was widespread and invariably elevating. No one could converse with him without being better for the contact. His domestic life was of the happiest.

To say of him that the example of his life was inspiring, that the love and admiration of his friends will live

on, that his memory in the community will be ever cherished, is to utter a common-place, but it is the simple truth and we, of his profession, are honoring ourselves as well as him by this sincere and heartfelt tribute.

Mr. Arthur Espy.

“Mr. Chairman and Friends:

Stanley Bowdle I perhaps knew longer than any of you. We were about the same age, we were both born in Clifton and went to school together, passed through our primary education together.

I can bear tribute to the fact that as a boy he showed all the promise that was fulfilled by his remarkable life. Those who were associated with him then considered it a privilege to know him. I knew him well. His family has lived in Clifton for three generations. He lived, when we first went to school together at the end of the ridge of hills that begins on Lafayette Avenue. The old house is still there just below Mt. Storm—a beautiful location overlooking the Millcreek Valley. I remember well when he was in the fifth grade and the Principal came up to him and said, “Stanley, you can move up to the Sixth Grade.” That was a very exceptional achievement. Stanley moved up to the Sixth Grade and went along there just as if he had not skipped at all.

He was beloved by all the boys. He was fond of anything that was new or different and the kites and other toys he made were prized highly and thought to be the best at the time.

After he graduated from school I did not see much of him until later, when he came back as a Member of the

Bar and was Solicitor of the Village of Clifton. We, of Clifton, thought that was a high honor and we thought it was well deserved. He was also a Member of the Council for a short time.

It was a privilege and pleasure to know him and nobody has ever made a deeper impression upon me, boy and man, than Stanley Bowdle."

Mr. Nathaniel Wright.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

Thirty and two years ago this Autumn I first met Stanley E. Bowdle; we were students in the same class at the Cincinnati Law School.

Even during these two years, a formative period in his life, the qualities which have commanded the admiration and respect of his fellows and won the affection of his friends, were evident. He was a marked man among his fellow-students, and he fully maintained in his after years the reputation gained in his two years in the Law School. It was during these years, when habits of study and close thought were necessary to success, that the seriousness of life and the complexity of its problems began to dawn upon him, and the duty to meet and grapple with them became the principal object of his life; for the seriousness of life, its many inequalities and the seeming injustice in the lives of many appalled him; and it is one of the beautiful traits of his character that his life was devoted unselfishly to the amelioration of the lot of those in life whose fate was cast in bitter lines and were struggling upward to the light, dimly seeing in the fogs of their environment, but which burned so brightly and clearly for him.

He wanted to help and he did help. His life and his acts prove it. He lived the clean and the honorable life. His ideals were the ideals of honor, justice and fairness, and he so squared his conduct in life with these ideals, that his memory is a very precious heritage to all of us who loved him.

He hated sham and had no patience with hypocrisy, or sympathy with the sordid struggle for wealth and fame. He was genuine. No man had the least doubt where he stood, or what views he held on any question. He had the courage of his convictions, and where duty beckoned he followed. He fought his fight and "held his peace, and had no fear to die."

He loved an argument; an intellectual contest appealed to him; he delighted to match the keenness of his own mind with the mind of an adversary; and such was his mentality, so well stored was his mental armory with wit, epigram and learning that on many a "stricken field" of intellectual combat he more than held his own; but he was a fair fighter; his arsenal held no poisoned arrows; he was intellectually as well as personally honest; to him a victory won by sophistry or unfair weapons was a defeat.

No one who knew Stanley Bowdle can fail to remember the quaint, original sense of humor which he possessed. In public argument and in private conversation his humor flashed forth like the gleam of a rapier. It was fashioned to amuse, not to wound; to point an argument or to illustrate a situation. There was no malice. It was too spontaneous for that. It was one of the personal, intimate traits of his character, and we loved him for it.

No sketch of Mr. Bowdle's life will be complete without reference to his religious views. He was deeply religious, a student of the Bible and theology. He was not content with the orthodox views of salvation and immortality handed to him by others. He insisted on studying the record himself and drawing his own inferences therefrom, and I am sure that the results he obtained gave him great comfort. He believed in a divine being, in life after death, and that the reward of immortality comes to all who have kept the faith.

As he lived, so he died, in the full respect and admiration of the community in which he lived, leaving a reputation of ability, honesty of purpose, devotion to duty and a character of spotless integrity.

My friends, an honorable man, a useful citizen, a Christian gentleman and a valued friend has passed from among us; we mourn his death, but we rejoice in his life and the achievements thereof.

Mr. Charles B. Wilby.

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

It has seemed to me that I could make no contribution to this testimonial so worthy of our friend as to read some illustrations of his unique and remarkable power in the use of language.

Possibly no instance better illustrates Mr. Bowdle's delightful sense of humor, mingled as it always was with a touch of pathos, to say nothing of his far-reaching statesmanship, than his speech delivered in Congress, January 12, 1915, on “Woman Suffrage,” which attracted nation-wide attention. Indeed, his keen thrusts aroused

great indignation on the part of the more hysterical advocates of that much mooted question, who sought to distort his remarks as a reflection on woman. The following extracts from Mr. Bowdle's speech will show how undeserved were these criticisms and the remarkable genius of this fine character:

“Mr. Speaker, I rise to voice the position of an unnumbered multitude of good women of America relative to the suffrage movement. A multitude of women whose voices are not heard in the streets; who do not seek the rostrum of political debate; who, though life is not exactly what some of them would have, do not defame their husbands and brothers because they have been unable to declare the kingdom of heaven to be at hand; women who are not ashamed of their sex lot, though it disqualifies them from many functions allowed to men. These I represent.” (Applause.)

* * * * *

“Mr. Speaker, a great many men do not comprehend the significance of the antisuffrage movement among women. They can not understand why women who do not want to vote should impede women who do want to vote. Just a word or two of explanation:

“Giving the franchise involves a change of status on all who receive it, whether they exercise it or not. The women who do not vote will infallibly experience a change of status. Let us see:

“To be an elector implies certain things. Electorship, which is simply the power to determine the nature of the civil state, carries with it, or must sooner or later carry with it, the power of administering all affairs of state, including the administering of justice. It must be clear to the Members of this House that the power to determine the legal nature of the state must imply the power to assume and administer any office in the gift of the State. It would be a disturbing thing to have electors with power to erect institutions which they could not administer.

“Necessarily, therefore, this proposed extension of the franchise involves finally a movement which will subject all human rights to feminine decision; and the women of America who are opposing this movement are opposed to this change of their status. Those women have a vested interest in this question. They ask the men of this Nation not to foreclose that interest without a vote from them. The antisuffragists are the Jeffersonian Democrats on this question. And this is precisely what those women will not get if the suffragists have their way.”

* * * * *

“Oh, yes; I know women have played a great and noble part in this world’s history; but it is a notable fact that this noble part was played without the ballot and some time before the movement came which last year destroyed \$5,000,000 of London property created by men. The women who played that noble part did not have to be watched by the Scotland Yard detective force; they did not leave bombs in St. Pauls; they did not burn the Edinburgh collection of scientific marine instruments, working an irreparable loss to science created by men only, and which marks streets and lanes in the high seas. No, Mr. Speaker, the women whose names grace the page of history admired men and bowed to the scientific and political genius which he has slowly evolved and ever used to make of this planet a place of residence for wholesome life.” (Applause.)

* * * * *

“To the State man is primarily responsible. He must serve it, protect it, and die for it. The State holds him primarily responsible for these duties and a thousand others. He pays the rent when he lives with her and the alimony when he does not. He goes to jail when he fails. Is it allowing him any peculiar privilege to manage the institution wherein that responsibility is to be discharged? The dollar is earned in the State, not in the home. Shall he who is charged with the duty of

bringing it home have the State managed by the one who receives it?" (Applause.)

* * * * *

"All history, Mr. Speaker, is nothing but the record of an affair with a woman. Happy is that man whose affair is honorable.

"I saw smoke curling up from a cottage chimney in a mountain glen. I followed it and entered the house; it was an affair with a woman. I looked into the dimpled face of a babe; it told of an affair with a woman. I saw a myriad of blackgrimed men emerge from the mine's mouth with lamps and dinner pails, and they smiled and went each his way, and I wondered why they worked amid such dangers; but I followed and found it was an affair with a woman. I was in the cab of an express locomotive hurling us through darkness toward the city. I wondered at his willingness to endure the dangers, as block signals and switches and cars shot by, but I saw his face for a moment by the steam-gauge light, and he smiled as we approached the division end; and I knew it was simply an affair with a woman. I was with the inventor in an upper room at night, where he had slaved for years on the turbine principle, and I marveled at his constancy; but he showed me her picture, and, Mr. Speaker, it was an affair with a woman. And the words of Swedenborg came to me 'Though men know it not, love is the life of this world.' [Great applause.]

"Women; have they a mission? Yes; it is to rule in the world of love and affection—in the home. It is not to rule in the State. They have a function to perform which precludes the latter sort of rule. Man is king of this universe; woman is queen. The queen rules when the king is dead, or becomes a mollicoddle, and the American man is not that yet." [Applause.]

* * * * *

"I personally have no fear of what suffrage will do if it comes. But I deny its claims."

* * * * *

“They say that ‘man-made’ laws are not just to them. When did woman acquire a well-being separate from man’s well-being? When did this race become divided? When the well-being of man is cared for the well-being of woman is assured.”

* * * * *

“They say that in some States a man is still able to will away even his children and may confiscate his wife’s wages. Mr. Speaker, I have had a long experience at the bar, and I have patiently read the legal journals, but I have never heard of an American man asserting such rights, if he ever had them. I know that in all probate and orphans’ courts where I have ever practiced the tenderest consideration has ever been shown for the rights of wives, mothers, and widows. And as for wages, the vast mass of American workingmen turn over their pay envelopes to their wives, keeping only enough for a little chewing or smoking tobacco. The nations of the world agree that the finest and most generous man on earth in his treatment of women is the American man, the suffrage leaders to the contrary notwithstanding.”

* * * * *

“They say that the present situation is taxation without representation. The fact is that 99 per cent. of the women of wealth received the same either by gift or inheritance from some ‘tyrannical’ dead man, who labored hard to make it. Men create the property wealth of this world, and it is proper that they should.

“Mr. Speaker, there is in America to-day a forgotten institution known as the ‘old man.’ I know him, you know him. Our mothers knew him and honored him, and he honored them. But he is now forgotten and often derided. Suffragists insult him. I looked upon his frozen features as he conquered the Antarctic Zone, while women burned up five millions of his property at home, made by him with back-breaking labor. I have seen his face in the deadly saffron flames of molten metal, where a mismovement meant death. I have been with him in

the bowels of steamers and have seen him wipe the scalding sweat from his face as he fed hellish furnaces. I have been with him working on great engines, in work taxing nerves and strength, where a mistake of a thousandth of an inch meant ruin. I have been with him in the grease and slime of repairs to great engineering apparatus. I have gotten up with him in the frosty darkness of the morning to go to the great shops of the cities, while leisure America slept. I have eaten with him his spare breakfasts. I have been with multitudes of him around the forges of the world at noon dining from buckets, yet always cheerful. I have seen him pinned beneath locomotives, with his flesh frying on his bones and his hand still gripping the throttle, when his last question was as to the passengers and his last message was to a woman. I have gone in imagination 5,000 feet into the sea and visited the *Titanic* wreck and have seen 500 of him, cold in death, still in the shaft alleys, engine and boiler rooms, and each dead at his post; and a thousand more I saw, all men, who had nobly offered their lives that women might live. I have seen multitudes of him in the lagoons and morasses of virgin countries, shaking with malaria, yet pushing forward the frontiers of life that more life might safely live upon this planet.

“I have visited the trenches of battle fields populous with his ragged corps, uncomplainingly dying for his country. I have seen him strapped upon the plank of the guillotine and stand upon the scaffold ‘with head bloody but unbowed’ offering his life as a witness to his principles. I have seen him upon the calvaries of this world drinking the vinegar of temporary defeat. I have seen him labor with his philosophies, without hope of gain, that men might be happier here and—

‘better know their end, and the number of their days, and to be led to incline their hearts unto wisdom—’

“And I have seen him work in music, and laboriously chisel in all arts that he might better teach his fellows the divine destiny of the race. Yes; I have seen all this,

and you have seen it, Mr. Speaker, and it has convinced me long since of man's divine origin and destiny. Despite the buffetings of sin, the angel in him has overcome the Jacob in him as Jabbok, and I this day believe the inspired account of his creation, when Jehovah, speaking with an unnumbered multitude of the heavenly host, said, 'Let us make man in our own image and likeness.' "

* * * * *

"As to hostility to women, allow me to say that never for a moment have I done other than honor them, and on that great day when 'God shall judge the secrets of men' whatever other sins may rise to shame me, and they are many, no wretched Magdalen will rise in the judgment to say that I helped her down; and I can say to my sainted mother, who always honored men, that those principles in this regard which she bound upon my fingers and wrote upon the tables of my heart have been kept. Mr. Speaker, I love masculine men and feminine women—not women of the rostrum, not senatorial ladies who cross their limbs in political wigwams. I love those women whose functions are so beautifully described in Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*:

'The first of human life is drawn from woman's breast;
Our first small words are taught us at her knee;
And our last sighs are too often breathed out in
A woman's hearing, when others have fled the ignoble
Task of watching beside him who led them.'

"Mr. Speaker, I have come in late years to see who is the real statesman in America. He is not always, or even usually, the honorable or right honorable personage in the noisy halls of legislation. He is rather the quiet man, the silent man in the community, whose life, lived agreeably with the ideals of patriotism and religion, serves to create those conditions on which the State and all laws must finally rest. And in this statesmanship true women share and have ever shared. Such women are stateswomen, indeed, far more potent than any ballot box or

rostrum lady will ever be. It is this profound states-womanship that makes certain the claim that—

‘The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.’”

I shall read a short extract from his own closing argument for the defendant before Hon. James B. Swing, Judge of the Hamilton County Court of Common Pleas, in the case of *Madden v. Madden*, in 1906; some passages from his paper entitled “Recollections Of an Apprenticeship,” which he read before the Literary Club last November—to my mind the most remarkable thing he ever wrote; and some passages from another paper that he read before the Literary Club some years ago.

In opening his paper entitled “Recollections of an Apprenticeship,” he said:

“These recollections are personal. I secured them with my own bare hands. Of old, men have delighted to talk of themselves—chiefly because the subject is near, familiar, and requires little thought. I am a son of that bore-some crew. Even Zaccheus, the Publican, in the sycamore tree, when beheld and accosted by the Christ could not forbear to deliver some pleasant recollections of himself. Bankers with perfect propriety tell of their making, although their business appears to me to be very stupid. Captains of industry may freely arrange for write-ups, telling how they came to be what they are from very unpromising origins; but a plain man with a plain tale is rarely endured.

Tonight we change all this. I purpose giving my recollections of an apprenticeship, and I expect to enjoy the recital whether you do or not.”

Then, after referring to his reasons for going into that business and the dissipations of the shop, he says:

“These recollections touching drunkenness and looseness have this value to me. They tell me how much we have advanced in some important particulars. Corporations are today doing very much for the comfort of their men, and what they are doing is cancelling many old time evils. The cities too have advanced. The old time brutalities of the prize ring are gone, and viciousness is very much restricted, and even without prohibition the drinking of former days is very much abated. The electric car, the telephone, branch libraries, and the picture show have all added an interest, a zest, to life, which engages and legitimately consumes that excess of pleasure-seeking energies which formerly found expression in many evil and some unmentionable ways. It is only by these contrasts that one can keep his optimism alive and observe the trend of humanity through the wilderness of the world’s sin.”

Then speaking of the subsidies which the Cramps wanted, he continues:

“Philadelphia in those days was ‘Protection’s’ chief incubating point. Those were the days of Samuel J. Randall and William D. Kelly (‘Pig Iron Kelly’). Many a time at the Academy of Music I heard those men expound the holy doctrine that waste makes wealth and that taxation produced prosperity. I believed what they believed. The whole city dealt in the goods of this Diana. But in this also where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, for I well remember the work done for Free Trade by William M. Singerley, the owner and editor of the Philadelphia Record and by Col. A. K. McClure, the owner of the Philadelphia Times. Those great papers occupied diagonal corners at Ninth and Chestnut Streets and from there they issued their challenges to the whole crew. I could not but admire their courage. While hating their doctrines we were obliged to hear them, for the Record was the first one cent paper in Philadelphia. The fight waged against Mr. Singerley was so

strong that he determined to challenge the selfish enemy by appealing to their Quaker money love and for one cent he secured a large audience. The Philadelphia Record was a great paper then and is so today. It was the only paper seen about the Yards. Singerley some years later lost much of his fortune and his health. In a period of deep depression he suicided. Colonel McClure also died poverty stricken. Handling truth is no guarantee of fortune. Truth has no band wagons, no bargain counters. As a rule, good things cost nothing and pay no money dividends. The truth-seeker must prepare for a dinner of herbs and must be content with spiritual satisfactions. And it must be so, for truth must be saved from the rush of the profane. Truth is found by the honest; but it is applied to the others like a mustard plaster. For the mass of men it is quite in vain that truth

‘Hath mingled her wine and hewn out her
seven pillars and sent her maidens into the city.’

“Indeed the maidens had better be careful, when Protection’s magnates are about. * * *

“I was at the yards during the last of the era in which there existed a personal relation between employer and employed, and before the coming of the great corporation with its widely diffused stock ownership, in which the employer can not be located and when all has become mechanically ordained.”

Then, after speaking of the Cramps and their further seeking for subsidies, he said:

“At that time the protective theory was justified, on the score of aiding infant industries just past the bottle period. Now, it is justified on the score of helping us pay good wages to the workmen. Since the infants are now in angle iron cradles, rocked by Corliss engines, and taking pap through wire-bound hose, the claims of infancy are cancelled; hence the need of another slogan.

Paternalism in Government, now everywhere obvious among us (and I am thinking of the movement quite aside from the War and its exigencies) is a necessary result of the protective theory. If the Government hands out a special protection to an industry in order to enable it to pay high wages, or any wages, that industry becomes a trustee of an express trust and the Government, accordingly, has a perfect right to superintend all relations between the employer and the employee in that industry. Paternalism and protection are logical mates. Just now I fear that they are soon to be delivered of a husky son, Socialism. We seem to be drifting toward that monotonous period when every man may aspire to own a Ford and dine at Childs. * * *

“During the early period of my apprenticeship I lived at a boarding-house near the shop. It was my first experience with that horribly necessary institution an American boarding house. There were but three of us lodged and fed there. It was kept by Mr. and Mrs. X., childless and well advanced in years. Mr. X. was fearfully deaf but he was a rather interesting man and much addicted to chess. His infirmity had played havoc with her voice and disposition. Her throat was granite paved. I remember awakening the first morning in the house to ask my brother what was the cause of the riot downstairs. He replied, ‘They are quietly discussing the day’s menu.’ Deafness is a most terrible affliction. I concluded then that the sound-eared consort of a deaf spouse could by no means be saved—the ruin wrought to the temper and disposition forbids it. Of course, the afflicted one hears none of the storm and fury, and—can play chess. Daily do I pray that my wife and I may preserve our hearing despite the depredations of years on our other powers. Thus far Providence has done His part.”

After speaking of the benefits of the eight-hour day as compared with the ten-hour day he goes on to say:

“The world is today burdened with useless learning. The public educational plans conspire to make this so. Think of taxpayers burdened to teach young men the relations of Chaucer to English literature; law taught by Y. M. C. A's. It took this war to arouse us to the value of the practical sciences. Another ten years of peace and our public educational plans would have ruined the nation, turning out young men altogether too soft handed to work and just smart enough to be unhappy and go about preaching impossible utopias to be achieved by legislation. Think of the way law has been taught and young men importuned by advertisement to come into it. How much worthy character has been ruined by that terrible period of waiting for business, the sloth, the negligence, the apathy, that arises during that period. Dives in Hell had the merit to wish that some one might go and warn his brethren lest they come to his place of torment; but what one of us has had that merit?

“There is nothing so worthy as work, physical work, and some physical science absorbed in the process of it. School education is complete and highly successful when the student has achieved an interest in something—I care not what. An *awakened interest*, blessed is that thing!

“I have met the nation's great, so-called, in political fields at least, around the cloak rooms of the House and Senate; and I have often wondered how they managed to sustain it—of course by a camouflage somewhat older than that developed by this War. I have worked with the unknown great in the democracy of plain clothes and plain food, the men who have made the apparatus of modern life, the ‘men not often thought of,’ as Professor Summer describes them—I know them; their life has touched mine and stirred mine and I stand at attention in the presence of their work.

“Whatever of comfort we have in light, heat or power, we owe to such men whose genius has tunneled our mountains, bridged our rivers, and brought continents near, harnessing Nature's plenitude of raw titanic forces, changing history's currents, and making around the earth

‘a highway for the people on which there is no lion or ravenous beast.

“At times I have felt that I should like to have had Yale or Harvard for my Alma Mater. How I should have loved to sit under Prof. William G. Sumner whose published lectures early taught me the beauty of right thinking and the importance of fearless acceptance of facts; but there is an eternity before us for spiritual Yales or Harvards. For this world I bow gratefully to my Alma Mater, The William Cramp and Sons Ship and Engine Building Company, Beach and Norris Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.”

This, as I before stated, is an extract from Mr. Bowdle’s closing argument for the defendant in *Madden v. Madden*, before Hon. James B. Swing of Hamilton County Court of Common Pleas, in 1906. Mr. Madden was then and still is the owner of the famous Stud farm in Lexington, known as Hamburg Place, and the suit was by the wife for alimony. His wife had left him and he was paying her a monthly sum under a contract, but she came here and sued him for alimony in gross. Mr. Bowdle said:

“The praecipe in this case should have read—‘An action for money only, the amount claimed being an indefinite portion of Hamburg Place.’ It is a vigorous rush for money by Mrs. Madden, supported by two able legal half-backs. Ah! half-backs, did I say? No, assuredly full backs. It smacks of money. There is in it a powerfully pecuniary vein. It does not even ask for children. * * * Under no enlightened jurisprudence in the world could an action like this for gross alimony be maintained. It is only under the jurisprudence of this extremely western civilization, which many philosophers think is now somewhat decadent could this precise kind of action be maintained. In Israel, in the days of the Judges, a man could be compelled to support his wife.

In Rome, in the days of the praetors, a man could be compelled to support his wife. In England, France and Germany today, a man may be compelled to provide his wife a living, but this is an action not for monthly or yearly maintenance. It is an action by the wife for the partition of Hamburg Place. * * * They are not satisfied with maintenance. Only in these days when we hear so much about the emancipation of the ladies, could an action for alimony in gross be maintained. For it is only in this nation, where legislators are often moved by the clamor of ballot-seeking women that we have statutes such as this one in Ohio, * * * but, may it please Your Honor, there is a God in Heaven who

‘postponeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands can not perform their enterprises.’

“In the Oriental days, when the Delilahs would destroy their Samsons, they clipped their locks. The modern Delilahs bring alimony suits and this one expects Your Honor to say that her residence in Hamilton County for the purpose of maintaining this suit, was an honest residence. That was the residence that her lawyer built, and here is the lady that lived in the residence that her lawyer built, and this is the alimony suit brought by the lady who lived in the residence that her lawyer built. Oh, Your Honor, how unfortunate that a young woman ‘whose big blue eyes and snowy hands would shake the saintship of an anchorite,’ should allow herself with uplifted hands to come into this Court and swear that based on such facts she had a residence of one year in Ohio.”

Mr. D. J. Workum.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

For ten years Stanley E. Bowdle and I were associated as partners in the practice of the law.

This constant and intimate association gave every opportunity to know and appreciate him as a man and as a lawyer.

His life as a lawyer had a steadfast purpose of constant effort in the path of the highest ideals of his profession. He coupled with this, for mental recreation, deep study and thought on varied subjects that required much reading and careful investigation. His method of expression was unique and peculiar to himself; for it was not studied or guided by imitation of others. It was natural with him. His was a keen sense of humor that he could not resist. Religious and ideal, with views of life and men simple and clean, his every thought was pure.

In personal appearance he was a striking figure anywhere; though frail, he was tall and erect and possessed of an abundance of nervous energy and his action, mental and physical, made him quick and alert. When on his feet he forgot himself and his physical frailties, so that he always commanded the careful attention and respectful consideration of his hearers.

He was human. He sympathized with all misfortune and took to heart the trials and mental unhappiness of a client whether a litigant in court or in the counsels of the office. This sympathy and gentleness often obscured to him the proper value of men.

In the preparation of work he was most careful and painstaking, conscientious and devoted to the work on his desk, without a thought of its monetary value to him. He never made the simplest address without sketching out what he intended to say.

His taking off was indeed swift and cruel, and everywhere the news was combined with a pang of mingled sorrow and regret.

Well may we be proud of him. He was recognized as a brother wherever men know what is praiseworthy in man.

I trust that this idealist's dreams have now come true and that "Before the starry threshold of Jove's court his mansion is where those immortal shapes of bright aerial spirits live ensphered in regions mild, of calm and serene air above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care confined and pestered in this pinfold here unmindful of the crown that awaits them there."

Mr. Sidney G. Stricker.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members of the Bar:

It is with a mingled sense of melancholy pleasure and regret, that I rise to pay tribute to the memory of Stanley E. Bowdle. He was my friend, my very dear friend, whom by years of intimate acquaintance I had learned to love, honor and respect. I have had friends whom I have known longer, but none for whom I had a deeper and more profound respect. My experiences in this regard, I am sure, was no different than yours. All who knew Mr. Bowdle loved and admired him. Those who did not, never knew him.

He was not a pretentious man who sought the favor of men. He was a modest man who found society in solitude, rather than in conventionalities. He was not a worldly man who reached out for popular acclaim, nor was he ambitious for material gain. Though conscious of his power, Mr. Bowdle never obtruded himself in pub-

lie or private. A student of history and keen observer of men, he had to be drawn out before he would express his views. He never spoke unless he had something to say. When he did, he always said something that left its impress. It was more than his charm and manner of speech that commanded and held attention. It was originality of thought and fearlessness of expression borne of honesty of heart and a clear mind, that made others eager to hear him, however they might differ from his views.

He was more than entertaining. He was enlightening. A great reader and student, he had a full and ever ready store of knowledge that made him powerful in argument and quick in repartee. He had a style peculiarly his own. With a deep, resonant voice, serious in look and gesture, clear and direct in speech, he rose to great heights of eloquence and was a commanding figure whenever and wherever he appeared, whether before court, jury, or in the public forum. Simple, honest and unaffected, he was of the Abraham Lincoln type.

To those who did not know him well, Mr. Bowdle, at times, appeared 'peculiar.' He was peculiar in the sense that he did not tread the beaten path and had no fear of being among the minority, when in his judgment it represented the true cause. He had a distinct personality which at once gripped attention. Kindly by nature, he had a supreme contempt for hypocrisy and sham in any form. Uniformly just and generous in his relations with others, he resented selfishness, stealth and dishonesty in any form. Keen in sarcasm, there was something gentle in his thrusts, however incisive, which were always relieved by a delightful sense of humor which he

possessed to a rare degree. Courtly in manner and well contained, he was always a gentleman.

Pronounced in his views, Mr. Bowdle was not a partisan. He was a democrat in the truest sense of the word. Politically, he believed that true Government had no higher function than to preserve the individual rights and liberties of the people. Socially, he believed in the common brotherhood of man. In religion, he believed in a supreme Father of all who controlled the laws of creation and destiny of man.

He was an idealist. The great gulf between his lofty conceptions of the ideal and the actualities of life made him at times appear sad. Behind it all, he was intensely human. He did not hope against hope. He lived on earth, but he prayed on the mountain tops. The world is richer in that he lived. It is poorer in that he is no more. He was an honor to the bar, a power in the community, a loyal friend and a patriotic citizen.

Such a man was Stanley E. Bowdle. We shall miss him in the years to come. His memory will be bathed in the love, honor and affection we shall ever cherish for him. His life was an inspiration. God bless his spirit. It shall ever live among us.

Hon. Alfred G. Allen.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members of the Bar:

I come to lay forget-me-nots upon the shrine of the memory of my friend and colleague, Stanley E. Bowdle. A noted philosopher has said, "We stand on the bank of life's river and watch the mystic bark take from our shore its passengers on a voyage from which

there is no return and we are lost in speculation. The wisdom that takes the strong and leaves the weak, that takes the wise and leaves the foolish, that takes the pure and leaves the vile, that takes the young and leaves the old, is beyond our ken. The passengers have no choice. The why, the wherefore, they are taken comes only at the end of the voyage. Those behind gaze upon a solemn mystery which each must solve alone with the dreaded boatman."

Stanley E. Bowdle was a fine citizen, an able lawyer, a strong debater and a wise legislator. He believed in the people and had a keen interest in their welfare. Nothing touched him more deeply than the struggles of the poor.

The story of his life is a glowing tribute to courage and fidelity. His wide reading, deep thinking and practical experience well qualified him to perform our country's service. His heart responded to every pulse-beat of the honest citizen. He sympathized with humanity's just demands against the heartless claims of avarice and greed and his analytical mind was able to solve the perplexing problems of litigation and of government. In the midst of his usefulness, in the strength of his zealous manhood, with his task yet uncompleted, he was struck down without a moment's warning.

He was an original thinker and one of the most entertaining of men; his philosophy, figures of speech and dry wit held his audience until the last word was spoken. He was reared in a home where luxury and idle hands were not supposed to have a place and where all understood and obeyed the divine law 'to go forth and earn bread by the sweat of the brow.' He toiled at whatsoever his hands found to do and was not ashamed of the

grime of his hands or the garb of the laborer but esteemed each the badge of honor in the sight of God whom he early learned to love and serve as the whole duty of man.

As a Christian, his faith and life were of the stalwart, ever-going order which neither time nor season nor environment in any wise affected. He was unusually familiar with the Book and hymnology of the Church, and while not pretentiously pious or demonstrative, he could repeat the Book and sing the old familiar songs of the Church with such ability that those who heard were charmed with the sincerity of his devotion to the Divine Master.

He worked at the bench by day, and studied at night, and passed from his trade as machinist to practitioner at the Bar where he soon found recognition as an able, trustworthy attorney, one in whom clients could place implicit confidence and whom courts from highest to lowest would hear and to whom they gave full weight of consideration, respect and accord.

In 1912 Mr. Bowdle was elected to Congress. He became a prominent member of the important Committee on "Merchant Marine and Fisheries" and was on the sub-committee which drafted the first shipping bill which passed the House by a large majority but was defeated in the Senate by a filibuster at the close of the 63rd Congress. Mr. Bowdle was an able representative, loyal to the people, faithful to his trust, fearless in expressing and advocating his views and devoted to those policies which he believed to be for the good of all. He never dodged a vote, but to use his own expression, 'loathed the fellow who exceeded the speed limit in getting into the cloak room when a vote was about to be taken which might cost him some prestige at home.'

It is said that life is a mystery and that death is simple and natural, yet the latter is always impressive. It has also been truthfully said that the span of life is marked by spring-time and autumn, for if we but lift our eyes and behold under the shining canopy this day, we will see nature blossoming forth everywhere with verdure, life and beauty. The green blades are coming forth, the buds are opening, the flowers are blooming, and all is radiant with the mystery of life; and in the last analysis, the philosopher explains it not. Travel on until the chills of autumn are reached, with eyes earthward turned, and behold the leaf is seared, the blade is no more, the bud is gone and the flower is dead upon the stalk; and all along the pathway from spring to autumn, here and there, prematurely, blades decay, buds fail to open, flowers bloom no more and great trees of the forest wither and die in mid-summer. So it is in the pathway of human life, where without a single note of alarm, our colleague fell by the wayside before the allotted time of man.

‘A Ship of Mist sailed out of a cloud,
Out of a cloud at the sunrise time;
The glint of the dawn was on sail and shroud,
The glint of the dawn of the sunrise clime.
Into the blue from the harbor gray,
Into the blue of the living day,
Into the vast, she sailed away.

“Ahoy, lone sailor; what of the voyage?”
“I’ve neither chart nor bearing, friend.”

‘A Ship of Mist sailed into a cloud,
Into a cloud at the sunset time;
The shade of the dusk was on sail and shroud,
The shade of the dusk of the sunset clime.
Into the gloom with the dying light,

Into the gloom of the endless night,
Into the vast, she sailed from sight.

“Ahoy, lone sailor; what of the voyage?”
“I’m past the care of caring, friend.”

Tribute by Mr. Edward C. Hauer.

Mr. Chairman and Friends:

After deep and full consideration of the sterling qualities which endeared Mr. Bowdle to his friends, to me, the one which stands out foremost, was his politeness and elegance of manner and his courtesy, which was marked for its genuineness—an inborn family trait developed by a noble character. As Carlyle says of courtesy, ‘It is love in little things.’ Every act of Mr. Bowdle’s was done gently and with love. No matter how heated his argument, no matter how eager he was to convince, his speech was ever softened by his courtesy. No man, however poor in wealth or mental ability ever received anything but the most courteous treatment from him, and that regardless of race, creed, or position in life.

His other numerous splendid traits attracted friends and followers, but it was his courtesy which endeared him to us all.





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